

*The Historie of*

Harry to Harry, shall not Horse to Horse  
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarſe:  
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.

*Ver.* There is more newes,  
I learned in *Worceſter*, as I rode along,  
He can draw his power this fourteene dayes.

*Dawg.* That's the worſt tydings, that I heare of yet.

*Wor.* I by my ſayth, that beares a froſty ſound.

*Hot.* What may the Kinges whole Battell reach vnto?

*Ver.* To thirtiethouſand.

*Hot.* Fourtie let it be.

My Father and *Glendower* being both away,  
The powers of vs, may ſerue ſo great a day.  
Come, let vs take a Muſter ſpeedily,  
Doomes day is neere, die all, die merrily.

*Dawg.* Talkenot of dying, I am out of feare  
Of death or death's hand, for this one halfe yeere.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Falſtalffe and Bardoll.*

*Falſ.* *Bardoll*, get thee before to *Conenry*, fill mee a bottle of  
Sacke, our Souldiers ſhall march through; Wee to *Sutton-cop-*  
*hill* to night.

*Bar.* Will you giue me money Captaine?

*Falſ.* Lay out, lay out.

*Bar.* This Bottle makes an Angell.

*Falſ.* And if it do, take it for thy labour, and if it make twen-  
tie, take them all I leaſure the coynage; bid my Lieutenant  
Peto meete me a Townes end.

*Bar.* I will Captaine: farewell,

*Exit.*

*Falſ.* If I be aſhamed of my Souldiers, I am a ſowth Gurnet; I  
haue miſuſed the Kinges Preſſe damnably. I haue got in ex-  
change of 150. Souldiers, 300. & odde pounds. I preſſe me none  
but good Houſholders, Yeomens ſonnes, inquire me out con-  
tracted Batchelers, ſuch as had been aſkt twice on the Banes;  
ſuch a commoditie of warme ſlaues, as had as leue heare the  
Dinell as a Drumme, ſuch as feare the report of a Caliuier, worſe  
then a ſtrook-foole, or a hurt Wild-ducke: I preſſe me none but  
ſuch Toſts and Butter, with heartes in their bellies no bigger  
then Pins heads, and they haue bought out their ſeruices: and  
now

*Henry the fourth.*

now, my whole charge conſiſtes of Ancients, Corporals, Lieu-  
tenants, Gentlemen of companies, Slaues as ragged as Lazarus  
in the painted Cloth where the Gluttons Dogs licked his ſores:  
and ſuch as indeed were neuer Souldiers, but diſcarded vniuſt  
Seruingmen, yonger Sonnes to yonger Brothers, reuolted Tap-  
ſters and Oſtlers tradefalne, the Cankers of a calme world, and  
long peace, ten times more diſhonorable ragged, then an old  
ſacze Ancient; and ſuch haue I to fill vp the roomes of them  
as haue bought out their ſeruices, that you would thinke, that I  
had a hundred and fiftie tottered Prodigals, lately come from  
Swine-keeping, from eating draffe and huſkes. A madd fellow  
met me on the way, and told me I had vnloaded all the gibbets,  
and preſt the dead bodies. No eye hath ſeene ſuch Skar-crowes.  
He not march through *Conenry* with them, that's flat: nay, and  
the villaines march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyues  
on, for indeed, I had the moſt of them out of Priſon; there's not  
a Shirt and a halfe in all my company, and the halfe Shirt is  
like a Hearalds coate without ſleeues; and the Shirt to ſay the  
truth, ſtole from my Hoſt of *S. Albones*, or the Red-noſe In-  
keeper of *Dauintry*: but that's all one, they'le finde Linnen  
enough on euery Hedge.

*Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Weſtmerland.*

*Prin.* How now blowne Iacke? how now Quilt?

*Fal.* What *Hal*? How now mad wag, what a diuell doſt thou  
in *Warwick-ſhire*? My good L. of *Weſtmerland*, I cry you mercy, I  
thought your honour had already bin at *Shrewesburie*.

*Wef.* Fayth, *Sir Iohn*, 'tis more then time that I were there,  
and you too; but my powers are there already: the King I can  
you, lookes for vs all; we muſt away all night.

*Fal.* Tut, neuer feare tell me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to ſteale  
Creame.

*Prin.* I thinke to ſteale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath al-  
ready made thee butter: but tell me, *Iacke*, whoſe fellows are  
theſe that come after?

*Falſ.* Mine *Hal*, mine.

*Prin.* I did neuer ſee ſuch pittifull rafcals.

*Falſ.* Tut, tut, good enough to toſſe, food for powder, food

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